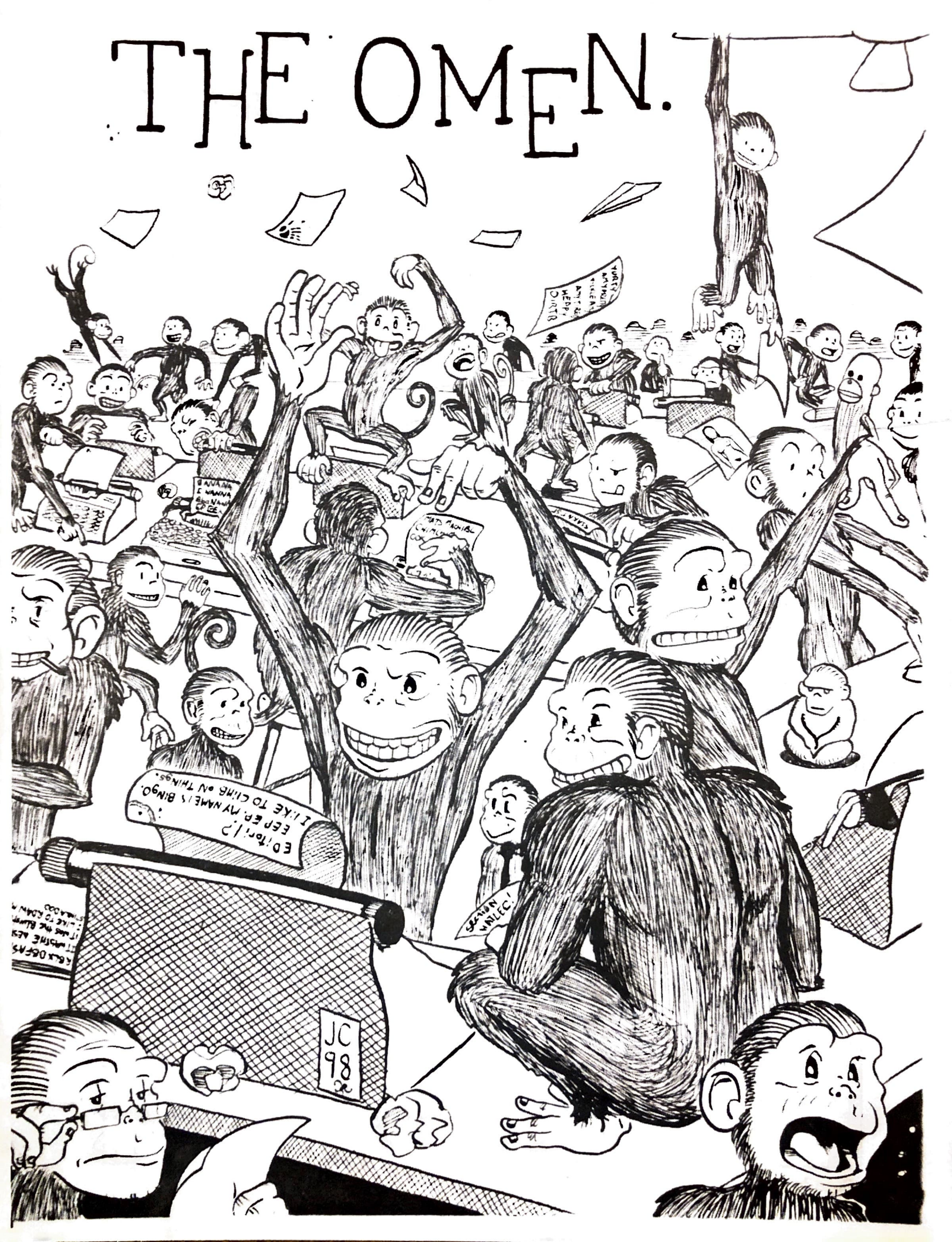


# THE OMEN.

A black and white cartoon illustration depicting a chaotic scene with many monkeys. In the foreground, a large monkey with a wide, toothy grin holds a scroll that reads "EDITOR: I'VE BEEN MY NAME IS BINGO. I LIKE TO CLIMB ON THINGS." Another monkey in the foreground is shouting with its mouth wide open. In the background, a monkey hangs from a branch, and others are running and holding papers. A sign in the background says "YOUTH ANTI-NUCLEAR MOVEMENT". The title "THE OMEN." is written in large, bold letters at the top.



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## The Omen

Volume 10, Number 12

April 24, 1998

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Cas Lucas  
Casey Nordell  
Melissa Poague  
Ben Tomczak

"The Lord brings death"

-1 Samuel 1:6



## Submit to us ...

The Omen accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. **We won't edit anything you write** (unless it's for spelling or grammar), as long as you're willing to **be responsible for what you say** (sign your **NAME**). Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

**Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community** and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 p.m. **Submit to Michelle Beach** (B-311, box 1127) or **Jordan Strauss** (J-309, box 1007). If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to **Mat Lauritsen** (J-304). **We prefer submissions on disk** — IBM or high density Mac — but hard copy is okay. Label your stuff well and it will get back to you.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and **your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times**. What better way to be heard?

*The Omen is a completely non-partisan forum for expression. The views and opinions expressed in the articles are those of the authors alone.*

## EDITORIAL Sleep deprived rants

by Michelle Beach

I'm really late; I'm really tired, and I can't sleep. Honestly, I haven't tried yet. It just hasn't seemed like a good idea. What I need to do is finish something entirely. And this editorial became that thing.

It's very depressing when you have a pile of things to do but nothing you can finish in any reasonable amount of time. You can spend all day working and have nothing to show for it. Eventually, you run out of energy and need to spend hours watching bad TV. Or some other equivalent mindless activity.

Sometimes you just need a break from thinking. You need to watch people happily solve all of their problems in a half an hour. Their perfect, happy lives are a great way to avoid thinking about the massive piles of work awaiting you in your room, but they can also leave you depressed.

Because of this, other ways of avoiding work are often necessary. Bocce and hiking are two things that can help, but are often more time consuming than watching bad TV. I recently discovered Boulderling as one very good substitute. Hampshire's Boulderling Cave, the only in the valley, is awesome. It's great to struggle so hard finally reaching the top and then to fall down on the incredibly soft mats. More than watching TV, Boulderling gives such

a sense of accomplishment and allows you to simultaneously exercise and avoid your problems. It's hard to think about that massive paper you have to write when all of your energy is focused on reaching the next hold. After only a short amount of time Boulderling, the sense of exhaustion that comes from actually accomplishing something is great. Unfortunately, **eventually you have to face reality** again, realize that the exhaustion from Boulderling is not as productive as you had hoped, and actually deal life. No matter how much you just want to sleep.

Sleep is the one thing that I want most. It's also the last thing that I have time to do. It's that time of year, the last of everything. Classes are ending with massive final papers, deadlines are all in the same week. People are preparing to leave, preparing for long summers and crappy jobs in which barely enough money will be earned to pay for the next semester.

Money has been of extreme concern to me lately. Field study, something Hampshire prides itself on, is very difficult. Not only do you have to pay Hampshire, you also have to feed and shelter yourself wherever you go. Of course you could go on leave, which means you don't have to pay Hampshire anything, but you don't get any money for living

expenses either. Either way, you're screwed if you don't have money.

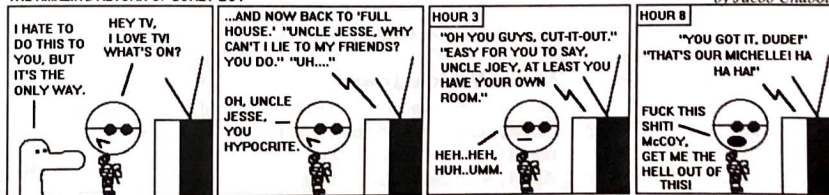
This is probably just an bitter unsubstantiated rant, but it seems to me that Hampshire seems to attract two types of people, the very rich and the smart poor (this isn't to say that the rich aren't smart, and that there are no stupid poor, it is to say that I believe standards for admitting rich may be different than those for admitting poor. But again, I have no justification for this). I must say, though, that the financial aid people are very nice. They are helpful or at least try to be. There are just some things they can't do (like give me more money).

I guess what this all comes down to, is that I am trying to go on leave next semester and Jen Howk (a PageMaker god) is still unsure of whether or not she will be returning. My short time doing layout for the Omen has taught me a great deal and has been a very wonderful (though time consuming) experience. I will miss it very much next semester, and plan to return to a very active roll when I come back in the spring. Until then, the Omen is being left in very competent hands (though new interest and help is always welcome). I have full confidence that the Omen will continue to improve next semester and that those left in charge will do a wonderful job.

This is my last issue for a while. I hope you enjoy it.

by Jacob Chabot

### THE AMAZING RETURN OF SURLY BOY





# Hampshire Campus Police Log 3/31 - 4/13

## Animal

Apr 1, 10:57a.m: Enfield, dog brought to pound.

Apr 2, 1:58p.m: Enfield, complaint about a dog.

## Fire Alarms/Fires

Mar 31, 3:32p.m: Children's Center, pull station activation.

Apr 8, 4:14p.m: Greenwich, cooking smoke in apartment 3.

Apr 13, 12:50p.m: Dakin, pull station D2-- malicious.

Apr 13, 1:00p.m: Prescott, cooking smoke-- apartment 76.

## Suspicious People

Apr 4, 1:45a.m: Greenwich, officers spoke with individuals, all OK.

Apr 4, 5:01p.m: Dakin, individuals soliciting asked to leave building.

## Noise Complaints

Mar 31, 1:34a.m: Merrill, unfounded.

Apr 1, 12:16a.m: FPH, re: bands.

Apr 3, 12:08a.m: FPH, re: bands.

Apr 3, 12:15a.m: Dakin, re: K3.

Apr 3, 12:22a.m: Merrill, re: B3.

Apr 3, 1:00a.m: FPH, re: bands.

Apr 5, 3:20a.m: Enfield, re: apt. 60.

Apr 9, 12:54a.m: FPH, re: bands.

Apr 9, 2:00a.m: Dakin, unfounded.

founded.

Apr 9, 2:45a.m: Prescott, re: apartment 82.

Apr 10, 3:11a.m: Dakin, re: J3.

Apr 10, 4:21a.m: Prescott, re: apartment 82.

Apr 11, 12:20a.m: Dakin, re: G3.

Apr 2, 11:56p.m: Merrill, re: B3.

## Disturbances

Apr 1, 1:09a.m: Greenwich, student reported unwanted phone call.

Apr 1, 1:37a.m: Greenwich, student reported unwanted phone call.

Apr 11, 7:09p.m: Dakin, people on roof.

## Larceny

Mar 31, 1:43p.m: FPH, VCR stolen.

Apr 5, 12:20p.m: Dakin Lot, license plate reported stolen.

Apr 7, 9:27p.m: Enfield, license plate reported stolen.

Apr 9, 2:00p.m: Enfield, VCR reported stolen.

Apr 9, 3:55p.m: Merrill, laptop computer stolen.

Apr 13, 2:00p.m: EDH, laptop computer stolen from office.

towed from f/s lot- tow list.

Apr 5, 4:11a.m: Dakin, vehicle towed from grass.

Apr 6, 2:38a.m: Main Drive, vehicle towed from roadway.

Apr 6, 3:14a.m: Dakin, vehicle towed from driveway.

Apr 6, 4:53a.m: Prescott, vehicle towed from lawn.

Apr 10, 7:41a.m: FPH, vehicle towed from f/s lot.



## Students take action Commentary

by Melissa Poague

The question you've been dying to ask: Why is the group Student Action so ambitiously launching a campaign against sweatshops? What's driving us to confront the issue when we could endlessly and indifferently partake of good ol' American consumerism? We could run around in our high-tech Nike shoes, bearing the swoosh like a religious symbol, and wear stone-washed Guess? cut-offs, just ragged enough to look stylish. Then of course, there's all the Disney paraphernalia—the cozy 101 Dalmations pajamas and the adorable Little Mermaid socks, not to mention the Mickey Mouse ears. What reason would possibly motivate us to forsake these symbols of our culture (our American pride, our capitalist integrity, our love of animated characters)?

Well kids, the answer has something to do with the monsters called "multinational corporations." That's right! Affectionately termed "multinationals" for short, these corporations have one overriding goal—to make profits—and they will use just about any means in the pursuit of the almighty dollar. Most commonly, they move production (of apparel, shoes, and some electronics) to Third World countries where the minimum wage is well below subsistence level and they can pay factory workers (most of them women, aged 15 to 22) wages as low as thirteen cents an hour.

Additionally, they force the women to work twelve to sixteen hour shifts in order to meet seemingly impossibly high quotas. Thus, the subcontractors (the factory owners) attain the most labor for the least cost, and, consequently, the corporations receive a higher percentage of the profit from the goods, which are sent back to the U.S. and sold in such fine shopping centers as our very own Hampshire Mall. Case in point: Disney workers in Haiti earn an average wage of 57 cents an hour (.3 % of the retail cost of a garment), while Michael Eisner, the CEO, earns \$95,000 an hour.

The exploitation doesn't end there, however, the working conditions in most factories are dangerous and unhealthy, causing workers to suffer respiratory problems from fumes and/or air particles or eye strain from staring at little microchips all day long. As well, the women are sexually harassed by their male supervisors, forced to take birth control pills, forced to have abortions if they do get pregnant, and are not allowed to unionize. In short, life is shit, and there are no alternatives; most of the women in these factories are the chief wage earners for their families and cannot find work elsewhere. When the multinationals decide to pull out of one country in favor of another where the wages are even lower, the workers who are left jobless are, well, pretty much screwed.

So there you have it; we cannot remain happily detached from the concerns of sweatshop

workers (many of them also right here in the U.S.A) when our J.C. Penney blouses are stained with their suffering! (Note: Some sarcasm intended.) And, obviously, our perspective on the matter is one of privilege; it's easy for us to be horrified at the working conditions of these "poor, exploited people." (Note: Some irony intended.) Yet it is a fallacy to believe that we have no personal stake in the matter—in fact, our day-to-day purchases connect us to the issue, whether we recognize it or not—and that we are powerless to affect the system. On the contrary, we can raise some hell and send a message to the monstrous multinationals!

And that is exactly what Student Action is doing. As many of you may be aware, Student Action is working on an anti-sweatshop campaign, the focus of which, thus far, has been the Hampshire Mall. Originally, our intent was to pressure specific stores in the mall into no longer carrying sweatshop products from the nine worst human rights offenders (as named by the National Labor Committee), i.e., Wal-Mart, K-Mart, J.C. Penney, Nike, Walt Disney Co., Victoria's Secret, Guess?, Esprit, and May Co. However, in our initial contacts with store managers (explaining who we are and what our campaign is about), we encountered some strong opposition—namely, the mall

continued on page 19



## SHAKEN, not STIRRED

by Dave Killen

It was horrible. Christmas morning, 1985. I awoke with dreams in my head and love in my heart as I anticipated the bounty that lay only as far from me as the bottom of the stairs. My brothers and I huddled at the top, waiting with barely contained eagerness as our parents spent an eternity taking pointless photographs. At last we were set free, and we rushed down the stairway to the treasures that awaited us, almost knocking each other down in our excitement. Then came the moment that has been burned into my psyche ever since, a moment of terror so great that it haunts me to this day.

**There, suspended above the candy and gifts as if it were some kind of demented ornament, was a dead body.** A corpse! My tiny feet desperately sought traction on the hardwood floor, bringing my 8-year-old body to an abrupt halt and sending my younger, less maneuverable brothers crashing into my back. The corpse remained there, motionless, as if daring us to breathe, daring us to even live at all. It dared us and we shrank back in fear, looking to our parents, our guardians, for help. They just snorted at us and shook their heads.

"Why the fuck are you so scared of a Christmas tree?" asked my dad. "Jesus Christ, it's not like it's a fucking dead body or something. Open your goddamn presents al-

ready." Thusly snapped back into reality, our silly fears and misconceptions vanished and we pounced on our gifts as our parents happily slammed shots of vodka in the corner. What had we been thinking? It was a Christmas tree, for God's sake. Who in their right mind would think of it as a corpse? It was a Christmas tree to remember.

Now it's 12 years later and I'm here at Hampshire College, sitting in my room and reading *The Forward*, which has recently attempted to increase its readership by running comic strips on its back page. On this fine day, as I turn to the last page and read Neil Golden's comic, I am hit with an uncontrollable barrage of repressed memories. 1985. *Back to the Future*. A line - "You space bastard! You killed a pine!" Christmas trees. Christmas 1985. The Christmas of the Corpse. I am in hell.

I now see what really happened. It can only come back to me now, tearing away years of parental brainwashing like so much bikini wax. Had we only been perceptive enough in our tender youth to notice the alcoholic tinge in our Christmas milk, the tinge that now so strongly stains the tongue of my memory, we would have had a chance at understanding what our parents tried so maliciously to hide. The mass murder of young and innocent Douglas Firs, so rare in the state of Oregon, of which it is the official tree. I sit here alone, crying. To know that your youth has been so wasted, nay, perverted, is to know that you will never be whole. In many

ways I wish that that issue of *The Forward* had never found its way into my arms. Before it my life had been an ignorant bliss, and now, nothing but informed sadness.

Someday I will avenge the misdeeds of my childhood. Someday my parents, by then crotchety and old, they, too, will taste something strange in their drinks on Christmas morning. And I will strike down with great vengeance and furious anger those who attempted to poison me and my brothers; an innocent corpse over the presents will no longer hang. In its place will stand the empty shells of my parents. No longer will dying trees stand silent witness to my father's psychotic rants - "That's it, you bastard! Get me some more vodka dammit!" Or my mother's, with inebriated joy - "Oh, Jesus, I'm so fucking drunk!" God knows I myself have heard them enough before. And I will stand there, recognizing the Christmas corpses for what they are and what they should be, and I will walk outside to water the pine trees happily planted there, and I will rejoice, for all will be right with the world.

What's that, Covy? Don't make jokes referencing *The Forward*, either, because no one reads it? Shit, you're probably right. Huh? Don't refer to my own past articles for the same reason? Fuck. Hell, what do you know anyway, Covy? You're just a figment of my imagination. You are pretty cute, though...

This is Dave Killen, signing off.



## The Christmas of the corpse

## White Trash Memories

by Mark Hugo

In a more special "White Trash Saturday" than last issue (cue *Wonder Years* music) Mark reflects on his past and looks towards the future. A future filled with nudie bars and hot wings.

Last week, while I was visiting my brother in Philadelphia, I had a very revealing conversation. I had just cracked my first beer; it was 1:30 in the PM, but it was morning for me. I was remarking to Travis Dale that it didn't really matter if we left Philly late, since I wanted to get to the party at Smith well after all the ladies had gotten nice and lubricated (with alcohol, that is). A gal, whom I will refer to as Madame L., remarked by asking the question, "Date rape?" I quiply remarked, "Not that drunk." This little interaction forced me to reflect upon my values, and how I adopted them. My mother raised me to be a gentle, kind, and enlightened young man. The TV, however, dispensed a different brand of

morality, which I was quite susceptible to; this was especially apparent in my interactions with the fairer sex. I was quite the Don Juan between my 6th and 7th years. I hadn't yet been conditioned to fear femi-nazi wrath (yes, you too Katie Matlock). If I saw a little girl that I wanted to meet, I would grab her and show her my interest. I mean, that's what Bo or Luke Duke would do. Back in my first year of first grade (I had to repeat - attitude problem) I was the ring leader of The Girl Hunt. We would round up a band of little men to chase down some girls. Usually I would lead the attack - I was the best at out-maneuvering the chicks and cornering them against the fence at the far side of the playground (out of the reach of that Bostonian bitch of a teacher (she kept calling me Mak; "No, my name is MARK, you fuck-up!") is what I should have told her rather than just ignoring her). Usually we would just push the girls down to show them who's the man. One day, my men hesitated before giving them a good knock down and the

**little hussies turned on us, kissing every boy in sight.** Why did they falter? Who can tell what goes through the mind of a boy who thrusts a girl against a fence for the first time? Their ring-leader headed straight for me, as I desperately attempted to reorganize my men. But just as

General Pickett said to General Lee after the famous charge at Gettysburg, I remarked to myself, "I have no more men."

On top of my military skills I was also quite the little philanthropist. I can remember pulling out my shlong in order to amaze and mystify the little ladies during story-time. I would then go home, feeling guilty, and confess to my mother that my wee-wee had *accidentally* fallen out of my unzipped zipper. I was also quite good at the "I'll show you mine, if you show me yours" game. I once got a friend of mine to do a little 5 year old strip tease for me in her front yard (I was 6). I always was adept at getting the ladies to take it all off before I had even dropped a shoe. Well, that's all the memories for today folks. I've got to go drive my friend JJ to get a pick-up truck.

### HIT OFF YOUR NEW YEAR WITH A BANG

Win me in a raffle!  
I am holding a raffle on the last day of classes next fall (1998). Tickets will be one dollar per ticket. The winner will win a New Year's date with yours truly in the lovely city of Philadelphia. In order to enter you must be a female and 18 years or older. All proceeds will go to buy midget pornography for Hampshire's library.

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## Dirty Hippies need not apply

An open letter  
To Thea Dodds  
Re: "Pet Owners Need Not  
Apply (4/10 Omen)  
Dear Thea:

Perhaps, no pun intended, it would be best to let sleeping dogs lie. Perhaps it would be best to keep my nose in my own business, and not comment on your article, entitled "Pet Owners Need Not Apply," in the last Omen. But I don't feel that benivolent today. Therefore, let me take the opportunity to tell you just how idiotic your letter, Thea Dodds, was. (I hope you also realize that I would be ripping on your letter just as hard if it had been published in another venue for editorial, such as our beloved medium for legitimate news, The Forward.)

The question your article raises is not, in fact, a question of how authority structures in Hampshire function. The question, rather, is how such dumb people get into this school. Did you ever consider the blatant hypocrisy of your letter? Your main complaint seems to be that certain authority figures at the school failed to follow published protocol in confiscating your wonderful dog, Lymon. I will not pause at this juncture to question what kind of person would name their dog after the flavoring in Sprite. I will, however, comment on your statement justifying why you broke campus rules to keep your poor little puppy on campus. "Since I had no other choice," you state, "I broke a rule." You then continue on to outline every single violation of protocol allegedly involved in the situation, including the fact that you were not removed from housing in Greenwich

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after your second citation (a point which it would seem wise not to harp on). The one Hampshire rule which you conveniently skip over is the one which states, if I could be allowed to paraphrase, **NO FUCKING PETS, YOU STUPID HIPPIE**. (I assume you are a hippie from your irrational love of dogs and your pure brazen idiocy.) The very policy of following "unwritten laws" at Hampshire is the same policy which kept poor little Lymon from being turned into a can of Alpo after your first violation, not to mention your later brazen violation of the policy despite previous warnings.

Let's consider a few more statements in your article. For example, you state that Dr. Bob compared confiscating your dog to confiscating a bong. As both of these items are contraband items, the analogy seems perfectly apropos to me. Your comparison of taking your dog to taking your child, on the other hand, is downright ridiculous. Perhaps I should remind you that your dog is a non-sentient animal incapable of love (i.e. fur plus meat). Dogs are stupid animals who are loyal to whoever feeds them. They're a lot like working class Republicans in that way. **Would you object to Derrick Elmes removing a right-wing auto worker from your mod?** In most civilized countries dogs are eaten as food. Only in a culturally backwards society such as our own would they be coddled as pets. Children, on the other hand, are sentient creatures capable of independent thought, which explains how

they formulate mistaken ideas as ridiculous as the ones outlined in your letter.

Perhaps your most ridiculous expectation is the fact that you expected to be allowed a housing exemption because you own a pet. If this was policy, **any idiot could buy a cat or a goldfish and get a free ticket off campus**. And as for expecting the college to supply housing for people with pets, I hope you realize that you could probably count the number of colleges and universities that allow pets in on-campus housing on one hand. The statement that pets would not be allowed on campus seems to be one that would be implied in the very nature of the institution. (Perhaps Hampshire should just emblazon its applications with "Dumb-Ass Hippies With No Sense Need Not Apply.") Didn't you ever bother to ask what the school's policy on pets was before you decided to arrive and flagrantly flaunt your violation of school policy?

I could mention a few other glaring idiocies outlined in your letter, such as your complaint that Elmes left your dog outdoors of all places (where do you think dogs live in the wild—heated caves? Miniature yurts?), or the fact that you probably had a million other "choices" of things to do with your dog while you were at school (kennels, relatives, new owners, the ASPCA... hey we all have to make sacrifices to go to school...). But I think you've made enough of an ass of yourself simply by publishing

your ridiculous diatribe. You are, obviously, stupid, if the simple fact that you own a dog doesn't make that perfectly clear in and of itself. I suggest you undergo a strict regiment of self-improvement, beginning with a hard, cold reality check before you succeed in embarrassing yourself any further.

Sincerely,  
Wade  
Stuckwisch



have thought a little bit more carefully about bringing a dog to college with her.

The unfortunate truth of the matter is that had the author not defeated her entire case in the first paragraph of her article, I might have been swayed to agreeing with her. She states that she has realized that the student handbook, *Non Satis Non Scire*, "doesn't mean shit". However, it is my opinion that she had made that decision long before she arrived at Hampshire. Let me quote a line or two from the aforementioned student handbook, under "Pet Policy," p. 61: "Pets and other animals, with the exception of certified service animals, are prohibited in all residential buildings... Students who violate this policy are subject to disciplinary actions." Seems pretty simple, eh? Not too much room for misinterpretation there. However, later on the author cites the "Rights of Entry" section, from the very same page, to further her argument against Public Safety's right to enter her room. So, the author blatantly ignores one policy in the handbook and expects Public Safety to follow the other to the letter. **Hmm, hypocrisy anyone?**

"How many other students have pets on campus?" Sorry, but I don't really think that's the issue. Sure, I have seen some fish tanks about, a snake or two, and even a ferret. However, I must say that I have seen very few dogs charging about campus. The reason for this? Unless you have a Chihuahua for a pet, there are some particular issues that apply to dogs that do not for the aforementioned animals. Dogs are much bigger. Dogs can be loud. Dogs need access to a lot of space to be happy. **Dogs like to dig holes in things, pee on things, sniff people's asses, and bark at strangers.** All reasons that dogs do not make particularly good animals to have at school with oneself. Also, the aforementioned animals do not ever have to leave one's room, so nobody ever needs to know about them.

This brings me to my next point: How did public safety find out about the author's dog in the first place? I can only think of two ways in which this could have happened: a) she was seen by a public safety official with the dog and was questioned about it, or b) someone complained about it. First off, the first rule that everyone knows about breaking rules is that you need to be *careful* about doing it! Strutting around with a dog in broad daylight is like strutting around taking hits from a bong in broad daylight; someone in authority will probably notice eventually and take offense. Oops! There I go comparing dogs to bongs! I hope the author doesn't feel too nauseous. Second, if someone complained about the dog, then I believe public safety had every right to take the animal away. I mean, they *did* warn the author twice, there are only so many times that someone can ask nicely before actually doing something! If there actually was a complaint filed, I'm sure the person who might have complained was thankful that public safety actually did something about the dog that was barking all night or eating their laundry or something.

In conclusion, I believe that while it may not have been proper in the end for public safety to use such extreme measures as taking the author's dog and changing her lock, I also feel that the author was given ample warning about the situation. Furthermore, assuming that having a pet would automatically qualify someone for a housing exemption is definitely just what the author called it, foolish. If this were the case, than anyone who wanted off-campus housing could merely say "Oh, umm... yeah, I have a pet turtle... so I guess I don't have to live on-campus!" And as the author says in her opening paragraph, "Since I had no other choice, I broke a rule." It seems to me that this statement could very well be turned the other way around and used by public safety as well.



## It's a dog's life

by Matt Hamer

In reading over the last issue of the Omen, Section Hate caught my attention. I was hoping for an interesting story of distress and personal anguish... perhaps someone's poor puppy had been mowed down by a PVT bus, or some such thing. However, as I pursued the article further, I was disappointed to find that it was merely yet another Hampshire student moaning about the unfairness of Hampshire's student policies. Personally, I have very rarely (if ever) found any of Hampshire's student policies restricting (I mean we are probably at the most liberal school on the FACE OF THE FUCKING PLANET). Even so, I do have some ideas on why the author of "Pet owners need not apply" in the April 10, 1998 issue of the Omen should



# You had to get personal, didn't you?

by Casey Nordell

First and foremost, you lily-livered, armpit licking, semen gulping, wife-beating, butt-crack-sweat-swallowing, child-molesting, smegma-sucking, ball-hair-plucking, primate-fucking, pathetic excuses for first years, you're the "Militant Grammarians of Hampshire," not Massachusetts. To pretend like your paltry, ten-membered, whiny organization extends statewide, is not only Pretentious with a "P" the size of Maine, but also Ludicrous with an "L" the size of Florida. You annoying bunch of haughty poop-smears aren't even a dozen strong, and you already think you own the state.

Secondly, you begin your "letter" within an "article" with the standard salutation, "Dear Casey," yet you don't end it with any sort of conclusion, such as "Sincerely, MGM," or "Full of shit as always, MGM." Wouldn't this be, um, grammatically incorrect, or at least poor usage, if not form?

Speaking of poor usage, your title, is "MGM 2" Nordell: Suck Cock." Not only is this not a complete sentence (ooh, double negative, I'm sure my "ignorance" will be the end of western civilization), but the numeral "2" is misused there. A better title would be "This is MGM to Nordell. Why don't you Suck Cock?" (This is the kind of enlightening corrections I've seen while browsing the campus posters lately. You dingleberries have made my life so much more interesting, by not only being pointless and annoying to begin with, but also by being hypocritical on top of all that.)

I would have gone around correcting these glaring errors on each

copy of the Omen, but I have a life and better things to do. I have my own original thoughts and ideas; I don't need to get my kicks going around correcting other people's.

You say my first point concerns making a distinction between standard English and it's dialects. **Bzzzz! You're wrong. No wonder you're anally insisting everyone speak in your very particular way.** It's because it's so difficult for you to understand anything at all. My point was, in case I wasn't clear enough the first time around, that "Standard English" doesn't exist! So I guess the distinction is that dialects are very real and numerous, whereas "Standard English" is a fabrication of elitists, like: you, my eighth grade teacher, or the King of England.

A common misconception, which I can see that you hold, is that there is a main branch of English to which everything else is a dialect. The reality of the matter is that all versions of English are dialects to each other. There is no Standardization outside of people occasionally writing down a bunch of grammatical rules and saying, "Okay, this is standard English!" So, by a book like that written fifty years ago, your article is littered with grammatical errors! Argh! You are writing in a bastardized version of Middle English! Better stop. (Oops, "better stop" isn't a sentence. I'm sure everyone failed to understand my meaning and instantly threw down my article in disgust with my ignorance of "Standard English.")

This brings me to a restating of my real first point: "English is determined by its speakers, not stuffy,

close-minded feret-fuckers like you!" You claim you "embrace all genuine dialects." Since you nipple-pancake-for-brains seem to be the judge of a "genuine dialect," that's like saying you accept the dialects that you accept. Does the word "duh" mean anything to you?

My definition of a "genuine dialect" is one that someone speaks, possible one that two people speak, if I'm having a bad day. If you need the "authority" of some dude writing it into a book (which I don't exactly see how is different from some dude saying it), then I'll write a book saying, "it's okay to say 'there' instead of 'they're.'" (especially being as they are pronounced exactly the same), then will it be okay, you bunch of butt-licking snobs?

Your nose is higher than the most stoned hippie on campus! And you're as confused as one too! In one paragraph you're citing newspapers and books as a good place to look for standard English, and in the next you're saying that the "media do not represent real English," and poking fun at Faulkner's grammatical constructions. Speaking of which, you bitch about the Easter bunny, er, I mean, Standard English for pages and pages. You've even wasted Internet bandwidth with you poorly written HTML-based drivel concerning Standard English, yet, the only two citations of where one would go about discovering what Standard English is all about (it's all the rage!) are: a) Fowler's Modern English Usage, Third Edition, and b) you (Orion Montoya). As for the first one, gee, wouldn't the third edition be simply a bastardization of the first and second editions? And that upcoming and long-awaited Fourth Edition, oh boy,

better throw that one out as soon as it hits the shelves, because any changes it contains over previous editions are bastardizations of the Standard English of right this very moment! God forbid anything ever change in this living language we call English. And as for your second source, that brings me to the real meat of the matter.

You.

You fart-instead-of-a-human-being. You think you are the end all of perfect grammaticality, and therefore you don't want anyone to

speak this imaginary "Standard English" of which you preach, but rather, you want everyone to speak exactly like you. You want every single word ever spoken to conform to your own personal standards. I am glad you're on your endless quest to kill English with your stuffy static views of proper usage. I'm glad you can't see the big picture and that you waste gallons of red ink annually to correct people's grammar (even though all the rules for a person's native language are pretty much set by the age of six, ten at the latest).

But most of all I'm glad you've decided to stop ripping down posters, because that's where you cult of egotistical maniacs cross the line from annoying to wrong.

Good luck changing the ever-changing language English. Meanwhile I'll be studying it, and I'm sure the force you and your nine butt-buddies exert will strongly influence us all to speak instead the imaginary language of "Standard English" with pride and glee.

Oh yeah: and I think your mom is dumb.

## A memo to women-at-large

To: Hampshire women  
From: Bert C.  
4/15/98

Dear women of Hampshire College,

I have frequently been criticized for my offensive articles, with particular regard to my controversial portrayal of women. I wish to clarify and respond. My humor is not fueled by misogyny, nor do I subscribe to the all-too-prevalent view that **the nymphery of Hampshire College is entirely lacking in beautiful specimens, worthy of my respect and admiration.** In fact, I would have thought that my condemnations of Bill Clinton, including my suggestion that he be castrated, would have won me instant approval from women (I also would have thought Mr. Clinton would have revised his predatory behavior after 1992's Gennifer Flowers sex scandal, which caused him to go on 60 minutes with his cynical wife and tell fantastic lies through clenched teeth).

Yet a few days ago, I was discouraged by the disappearance of numerous posters which I had plastered around the library, advertising a free interview cassette. Although I could not help but be impressed by the swiftness with which these offensive posters were removed, I remain disheartened that many of you fucking sheep are displaying fascist tactics (One can imagine a group of fanatical feminists hovering around a bonfire and burning my posters). Grow up, kids. If necessary, I am willing to lurk outside the library with a baseball bat and a 12 pack of beer, guarding my posters vigilantly. Tear one

down and prepare yourself for extraordinary human carnage.

Alas, my misbegotten reputation is far flung. Perhaps this explains the hole in my sex life. So,

after intense deliberation, the *Omen* has decided to announce an exciting new contest: One lucky female will win a date with Hampshire's most ineligible bachelor, Bert J. Cattivera. Expenses will be paid by the *Omen*. If you feel you are qualified for the position of Bert's date, submit a written description of your vibrant personality, preferably accompanied by a photo. Writing will

be graded for grammar, as well as form and content. Photos will be judged according to appearance and photographic composition. Please submit entries to Box 317, c/o Mr. Driscoll Enterprises, a non-profit propaganda organization. Hard-core feminists need not apply.

With Love and Squalor,  
Bert J. Cattivera  
Junior Vice President,  
Mr. Driscoll Enterprises





# What? No Cancer?

by Astrid Dobo

When I picked up last week's *Omen*, I was excited to read my horoscope, as usual. I was horrified to see that, for some strange reason, my horoscope was nowhere to be seen. Yes, I'm sure that all other Cancers reading the *Omen* noticed, there wasn't even an extra space in between Gemini and Leo for Cancer. What, can you just forget everyone born between June 21 and July 22? No, that's not right! I have been previously very content with my horoscope in the *Omen*; a few issues ago, my horoscope was right on the button, centering in on the bad deed that I had done a week before that I was still pondering. The *Omen* told me that I was stupid for doing this bad deed and then everything was better. However, even though there wasn't a horoscope for Cancer in last week's issue, I see

how it may have been on purpose and for a good reason. The authors may have been telling me to look at my life. Yes, I think that they knew that I am half Jewish and had relatives die in the Holocaust. They knew that when I came to Hampshire and was told to read a book called *The Sunflower*, I didn't. **They knew that I didn't deserve a horoscope.** They knew that I would pick up a copy of the *Omen*, looking forward to seeing a horoscope telling me how much my life sucks, get pissed when I didn't see one, write to the *Omen* (see, they just did it because they knew I'd write this and therefore help take up space in the next *Omen*!), and then realize that there was no horoscope for Cancers for a reason. I don't deserve one. It's even better than having a horoscope that

tells me that I'm worthless or that I did something bad. It shows me that, yes, I am becoming the Hampshire College stereotype, just as I thought. That's why I don't deserve a horoscope - I know what I'm turning into! A hippie! That seemingly stupid mistake of there not being a horoscope was really aimed right at me, trying to tell me that I'm just becoming one of many, I'm becoming the Hampshire norm, I'm not even worth a horoscope. Thank you, Travis Dale and Mark Hugo, for knowing that I was burrowing myself into a deep pit of hippyness and not fully realizing my great Jewish heritage. You've changed my life. I hope that all other Cancers got as much out of the non-existent horoscope as I did. I'll come back next semester, a very Jewish, stuck up, rich, preppy, meat eating snob who hates Phish, dreads pot, vegans, peace, and especially DIRTY HIPPIES!

## A reply: Cancer, secrets revealed

Dear Ms. Dobo,  
Two weeks ago, while Mark and I were feeding the final draft of that issue's horoscopes into the *Omen* computer, I had a horrible feeling that something like this would happen.

First of all, let me assure you the regrettable absence of the Cancer horoscope last issue was not, (I repeat) not due to drunken stupor at 2 AM the night before the *Omen* gets printed. **Nothing so serious and potentially life-saving as the horoscopes ever gets done without at least week's worth of sober contemplation.** Before getting to the specifics of why Cancer had no horoscope, please bear with me as I explain how the horoscopes are produced.

First, both Mark Hugo and myself undertake a day of ritualistic fasting. (This is not, of course, just to make alcohol consumption more effective, there are very good astrological reasons for doing so, which I can not possibly explain.) At midnight on this day of fasting, Mark and I go up the Merrill roof and meditate on the stars. We send our mental

projections up into the Astral plane, where we seek answers by following the threads of fate. The next day, after the ritualistic imbibing of the ceremonial aspirin (for the um, astrological hangover, probing stars is exhausting work) we consult the secret astrological star charts. These charts give us a mathematical method of analyzing the profound visions of the night before. However, the results are much too complicated to be understood by you lay-people in their raw form. That's why we spend another full day in the library, looking for the most suitable literary material with which to interpret our findings. Finally, to gain the purest reading possible, Mark decreases the amount of interference in his brain by getting sloshed. Mark is usually substance-free (hate-edge, in fact), but he goes all out just so the public can get their futures predicted. He then sums up all of the information we have gathered to date, and babbles it out to me so that I can write it down, in interpreted form.

Now, the reason why Cancer had no horoscope in the last issue: Well, perhaps you remember way back in the first horoscopes we did. We said it is certain that Cancer had cancer. This is what we in the profession like to call a mistruth, which is to say it is really false. The cancer I spoke of was

something I picked up on so long ago, that was too faint to really diagnose properly. As the weeks progressed, the psychic impressions I got from doing a reading of Cancer's future grew more and more distressing. Each time I concentrated my psychic energies on Cancer's situation, my body physically rebelled and I was often sick and bed-ridden for days afterward. Finally, last issue, I could take it no longer, even the mere idea of telling Cancers that I just couldn't do a horoscope for them was

too much for me to handle. I left the horoscope out, in hopes that due to the nature of Cancer's particular situation, no one would complain.

The truth is, what was bothering me from the beginning of this wacky parade, and what prompted me to hold back on my horoscope for Cancer, was the fact that Cancers do indeed have a type of cancer, the dreaded "hippie cancer." This foul disease is spreading across Hampshire College faster than the first-years

can transfer or drop out. Cancers have been particularly susceptible to this disease and I just can't bear writing a horoscope for a sign that has such a substantial percentage of hippies. Astrid, your much appreciated initiative in changing your hippie ways has signaled that there is indeed hope for the rest of the Cancer club, and I hope that in the future I will be able to deal with writing for you all. Until then, the rest of you can go to hell, bastards!

Travis Dale

## Who's the biggest bastard?

by Jacob Chabot

Hey, Hey! It's time to announce the winnah of the "Get Insulted by Surly Boy International Contest Extrordinaire!" I had to sort through literally thousands of entries before I could choose ONE that was the best. But before we get to the lucky bastard, here are the runners-up.

Dear Mr. Chabot

We here at the Make a Wish Foundation would like your assistance. Little Jimmie Caccaumond is six years old. Unfortunately he only has six months to live. He is dying from a terminal brain tumor. Jimmie is a big fan of your strip "The Amazing Adventures of Surly Boy." When he heard of your contest to appear in the strip, he was delighted. Please, Mr. Chabot, make a dying child's wish come true and have him appear in the comic strip.

Jacob R. Chabot,

I think I should get told off by

Surly Boy because apparently nobody likes me very much. You students are always in some uproar about some new policy or something. I think you should have me standing there and Surly Boy comes up and says, "Hey, Greg, go to hell," and I'd say, "Hey buddy, why do not you make me," and then he says "You are already made and what a mess," and then I'd say "You are expelled," and then Surly Boy slumps off, and in the last panel it could show me as the devil with horns and a tail and a pitchfork and fire and brimstone and all that. That would be cool. You are always picking on me anyways.

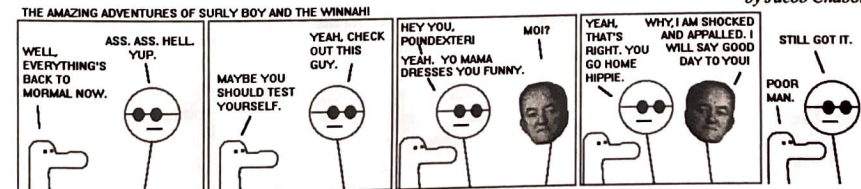
Peace out, Greg Prince  
P.S. Did you get that hint about being expelled. Evil, evil, evil.

And now, presenting the grand prize winner, the one lucky schmuck who walks away with everlasting fame, Mr. Phil "Herve" Diabolo from New Mexico!

To whom it may concern:

In a recent issue of *The Omen*, I learned of your plans to revert the delightful character, Nicey-nice Boy, back to his old nasty self. I would just like to express my deep concerns about this. First of all, "The Amazing Adventures of Nicey-nice Boy" was a strip that I am not afraid to let my two children, one three and one five, enjoy. Nicey-nice Boy is an excellent role model for children because he is kind and courteous to his friends, often going out of his way to make them happy (cleaning the house and cooking dinner for his friend the duck). Also, I feel that it further enforces the misconception that people cannot change for the better, that a leopard can't change his spots so to speak. I firmly believe in reformation. Think about it, does the world really need another surly, pessimistic, unkind person? I think not.

by Jacob Chabot





# I'll horoscope you!

by Travis Dale and Mark Hugo

This is the fifth edition of the Omen horoscopes, and boy are we sick of doing them. Not only that, it's the end of the semester and that spells bitterness with a capital B. Don't take it too personally, just personally enough to get your goat. Anyway, these horoscopes come from mean, old Mr. Nietzsche's book, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

## Taurus (April 20-May 20)

"Objections, digressions, gay mistrust, the delight in mockery are signs of death: everything unconditional belong in pathology." -pg 90

Alright Taurus, I'm going to tell you right now that I'm much too feverish and delirious to make any kind of attempt at coming up with a horoscope for you. You're a bastard for asking me to do it.

## Gemini (May 21-June 20)

"Supposing truth is a woman-what then? Are there not grounds for suspicion that all philosophers, insofar as they were dogmatists, have been very inept about women?" -pg 1

Supposing truth is a certain popular brand of cat food-what then? You are gay, Gemini.

## Cancer (June 21-July 22)

In order to make up for not having a horoscope for you last issue, we thought up an extra special horoscope for you this time. We're not going to tell it to you though. Hee hee. You're going to be really surprised when... Whoops, we almost let something slip there. We're such bastards.

## Leo (July 23-August 22)

"I don't like him." - Why? - "I am not equal to him." - Has any human being ever answered that way? -pg 94

Well Leo, normally I would agree with Nietzsche, but in your case, the reason I don't like you is because you're basically a pompous asshole. You're a hippie too. That means you smell.

## Virgo (August 23-September 22)

"The enormous expectation in sexual love and the sense of shame in this expectation spoils all perspective for women from the start." -pg 85

This is not so for you, Virgo. You're going to get hard banging every night this week, it might not be very good sex, but it will be hard. And don't try to weasel out of it by saying, "I have to wash my hair," or "I'm not gay."

## Libra (September 23-October 22)

"One is best punished for one's virtues." -pg 88

Against my better judgement, Mark Hugo is going to tell you about a dream he had, to punish you for your virtues.

Mark Hugo speaking: I don't really give a fuck about your destiny, Libra. This dream I had took place in a toy factory. I was a toy smuggler getting chased by the FBI. I needed to find a safe place to get it on with a skirt who looked a lot like Yuffie from Final Fantasy VII. Well, I was riding her hard from behind if you know what I mean, and I suddenly heard the click of a 9 mm next to my left shoulder. Of course I kept going and hoped for the best. Instead, my shoulder was shot to threads. I turned around with the 9 mm that I was hiding between Yuffie's breasts, holding it to the forehead of the agent behind me. "Can't you see I'm fucking busy?" I screamed before splattering the new

shipment of Super Soakers with his brain goo.

Travis: Truthfully, Libra, I don't know why I work with this sick pervert.

## Scorpio (October 23-November 21)

"One must shed the bad taste of wanting to agree with many. 'Good' is no longer good when one's neighbor mouths it. And how should there be a 'common good!' The term contradicts itself: whatever can be common always has little value." -pg 53

As you can see, Scorpio, Nietzsche was not a hippie. The phrase "it's all good," left a bad taste in his mouth. I don't remember exactly what my point was going to be. I think I was going to say something about you being a bastard and going to hell and whatnot... Whatever... I'm sure you can fill in the rest.

## Sagittarius (November 22-December 21)

"Danger in happiness- 'Now everything rebounds to my best, now I love every destiny'-who feels like being my destiny?" -pg 84

Sadly, nobody feels like being your destiny, Sagittarius. In fact, it's pretty much the consensus among all of us here that you should be run right out of town. You and that stupid dog of yours.

## Capricorn (December 22-January 19)

"There is an innocence in lying which is the sign of good faith in a cause." -pg 93

Capricorn, this upcoming week will be really inspiring for you. Everyone will be won over by your charming personality and life will take you places, fantastic places. OK, I'm

lying. You're really just going to end up eating out of the garbage later this month. And that cushy job you're in, forget about that, sweet-thing. Oh, and another thing, your significant other is going to need a helluva lot of Gold Bond Medicated powder in someplace special. Have fun you miserable fuck-up. And don't blame me, I've got good faith in my cause.

## Aquarius (January 20-February 18)

"Discovering that one is loved in return really ought to disenchant the lover with the beloved. 'What? This person is modest enough to love even you? Or stupid enough? Or-or-'" -pg 84

The secret to preventing this disen-

chantment, is to alienate those people closest to you. This shouldn't be that hard for you, Aquarius, given the fact that you are a tremendously irritating bastard. Just be extra sure to talk out of your ass in the next week, not like you need any incentive to do that.

## Pisces (February 19-March 20)

"If we train our conscience, it kisses us while it hurts us." -pg 83

If you don't train your conscience, Pisces, it will make a mess all over your nicest rug. And there will be no cosmic Pine Sol for your soul.

## Aries (March 21-April 19)

"Since the French Revolution, woman's

influence in Europe has decreased proportionately as her right and claims have increased; and the 'emancipation of woman,' insofar as that it is demanded and promoted by women themselves (and not merely by shallow males) is thus seen to be an odd symptom of the increasing weakening and dulling of the most feminine instincts." -pg 168

Mark speaks: It was much too easy to come up with something chauvanistic for this one, so I'm going to have to hand it over to Travis.

Travis says: Uhh... it's a really crappy quote Mark, why the hell did we pick it? Oh well, our readers are S.O.B.s anyway. They can just deal with it.

# Don't be late, or else

by Jacob Chabot

Tuant. Tardy. Late. After the fact. These are the types of words that describe Ben Tomczak. Don't count on this man to save your life because he'll show up hours later with a big grin and a smarmy "Howyadoin." Desperately wanting to win the "Get Your Life Mocked by Surly Boy Contest of Champions," he turned in his entry three days too late. Too late! Too late!

Ol' tardy Ben just missed his chance at everlasting fame and fortune, oh, and let's not forget about a chic heroin habit and a supermodel on each arm. Instead, he'll most likely get a dead end job somewhere, working for someone who is more punctual. He'll marry out of desperation and instead of taking it out on his miserable, stay-at-home wife, he'll

hit the bottle pretty hard. By the time he's thirty-five, he'll be carrying an extra 65 pounds or so in the form of a gut, and be fired from his ass job due to his unreliability. This won't help his alcoholism any and his wife will leave him for a better, timely gentleman. Depression sets in at this point. Hey, better late than never, right Ben? Without a job, Ben will be unable to pay his rent and his apartment will be taken away. He'll then spend a week or so eating out of dumpsters and being chased out of doorways by policemen. Realizing that he has nothing left to live for, Ben will end his life at the end of a hangman's rope. Not a bright future, eh? Everybody, please take a lesson from Ben Tomczak's tragic end, don't be late. Thank you ladies and gentlemen, you've been a wonderful audience.

by BenTomczak







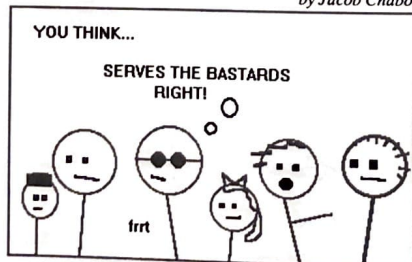
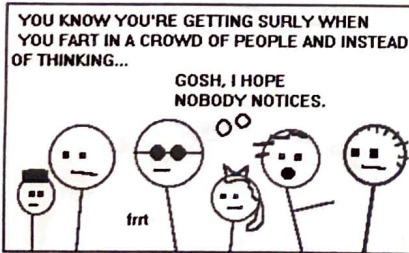
Mathew Lauritsen

## Something analogous

**M**isanthropy is to pragmatist as terror is to Edgar Allen Poe :: night birds :: Don King :: boxing :: sports :: alcohol :: drugs :: failures :: eggs :: brains :: a skull :: United States of America :: North America :: land mass :: higher education :: black hole :: gravity :: beatings :: obedience :: divinity :: Big Brother :: beauty :: socialism :: the Prince :: Machiavelli :: the way to do things :: capitalism :: vulgarity :: every day :: television :: the Rapture :: sexual ambivalence :: chastity :: a good liar :: common sense :: rugby :: ordered violence :: the future of golf :: illegal aliens :: taxes :: the duty of the citizen :: cheating :: the duty of the individual :: self-preservation :: human science :: exploding the sun :: the logical extension of sexual reproduction :: one thousand pounds of pressure :: a one hundred pound tank :: welding :: air strikes :: land war :: instinct :: brothers :: blood feudes :: the meaning of life :: fruit baskets :: good tiding :: a good liar :: the presidency :: foreign policy :: conspiracy :: water :: the tundra :: life :: night clubs :: night life :: ephemerality :: orgasm :: quotidian habits :: constructions of self :: real syrup :: Bisquick :: retarded consumer base :: aggression :: ignorance :: a really good time :: stuporous interaction :: self-respect :: a good liar :: rope-a-dope :: Ali :: Foreman :: Reagan :: economics :: feed bag :: the Blue Collar :: determinism :: the weak willed :: pneumonia :: the night swimmer :: surreal logic :: David Byrne :: large automobiles :: full seats :: frigidity :: bucket seats :: the next generation :: chuck Berry :: folk music :: non-violence :: Joan Baez :: worthless idealism :: young Americans :: self-destruction based upon nihilism :: Russian literature :: the hipster :: mother :: Kerouac :: Moriarty :: the Muse :: incest :: narcissism :: refraction :: the blue sky :: blue water :: a Arby's :: roast beef :: corpse :: research paper :: writing :: a good liar :: synergy :: propagation of false aesthetics :: courtesy :: kitsch :: misanthropy ...

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY

by Jacob Chabot



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## The end of the world could've been sooner

## The Omen at the Movies

by Wade Stuckwisch

I find it highly amusing that Private Screening mentioned my article in their advertisements for their *Ice Storm/Until The End Of The World* screening. Jeezus, I feel so establishment. So here's the deal. On April 18th, Private Screening presented a quite public screening of the film *Until The End Of The World*. The posters mentioned something about drugs, but unfortunately I saw the film completely sober. That was the big mistake of the evening. Perhaps if I had split two thirds a bottle of Popov vodka with Matt Hamer before the film, instead of after, I would have appreciated the film more. **Or perhaps I just would have been really drunk.** I find the latter to be far more likely. However, I have begun the recovery process via alcohol now, and since this issue has extra space, I will proceed to listen to the new Hum album (kick ass, buy it) and write a scathingly inebriated review of this film anyway.

Have you ever seen the film *Cemetery Man*? I have. The only thing I have ever heard anybody say about the film (*Cemetery Man*) is that it makes no sense. I saw it, completely sober, and it made perfect sense. The film *Until The End Of The World* doesn't make nearly as much sense as *Cemetery Man*. And I UNDERSTOOD *Cemetery Man*. If you don't realize the significance of this statement, you have obviously never seen the film *Cemetery Man* while sober. Rent it. You'll understand.

So back to *Until The End Of The World*. If I hadn't seen *Mortal Combat: Annihilation*,

this film would probably rank among the top two or three worst movies I've ever seen. It's right up there, right along with *Christ-mas Evil*. (If you have seen this movie, please write to me at wes96@hamp. I saw it when I was in like the fifth grade, I would be interested to hear from anyone else who has seen this film.) Let's explain the plot, shall we? It starts out as a story about this chick looking for this guy. Then the chick starts looking for some other guy, then some other guy starts looking for some other guy, then some other guy starts looking for some guy who is possibly one of the guys I have mentioned previously. Did I mentioned all these guys are wearing fedoras like some guy out of *The Maltese Falcon*? Fucking Europeans. Then some nuclear thing blows up, then everybody's watch stops, then all these fedora-wearing motherfuckers start hanging with a bunch of Australian aboriginalies, then some HDTV shit happens, then some space shit happens and then the movie ends. At this point you have wasted over two and a half hours of your sorry existence watching this piece of shit movie. And you wonder why I consumed approximately half a bottle of Popov after watching this movie.

The narrative of this movie (that's the film fuck word for plot) wanders around drunk for a while, gets confused, heads off in some other direction for a while, falls apart in self-reference like some rotting zombie

thing, then squirms around for awhile before the movie ends and the urge to kill slowly fades. Excuse me, but WHAT THE FUCKING GODDAMN FUCK????? *Cemetery Man* made more sense. *Cemetery Man* made infinitely more sense. Does this scare you yet? Go watch *Cemetery Man* and you will understand.

So I've been trying to figure out what the fuck is the deal with this movie, and only a few things have sprung to mind. The first is that the film is some kind of comment of post-modernism. This idea comes to me because a) the film includes some fucked-up digital video, b) the film doesn't make any sense, and c) nobody really knows what post-modernism is so you can't really claim that anything that isn't obviously modern or pre-modern is post-modern. My only other theory is Sony was desperate for a tax break.

So anyways, this film features that guy from *Jurassic Park*, that guy who I think was the gumshoe from *Dark City*, and some French chick who night or might not be the chick from *Killing Zoe*. Probably not. But she is blond and she does get naked. And that's all that really matters. And in case you're interested, *Cemetery Man* has a totally cool 3-D website at <<http://www.bradstanley.com/archives/cemetery/>>. If you have a shitty Packard Bell computer like me you might already have the glasses. So anyway, don't see *Until The End Of The World* if you know what's good for you. I don't know what those crazy chicks who run Private Screening were thinking when they scheduled this movie. Watch *The Wall* instead; it actually makes sense while sober.

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# ONIONS Coot-bung!

by Ross Ford and Cas Lucas

**S**top! Break it down. When we originally conceived and birthed the first installment of this piece of shit excuse for journalism (what, didn't you know?), we had no idea that we would be under attack by insane middle aged cooks, running individuals, French gnomes of indiscriminate gender, or that we would be interrogated by the likes of Doug E. Doug Martin, Dr. Bob Sanborn, and the head of public safety, Derrick "Chuckles" Elmes. Well, way to go guys, you care.

The most colorful of the four formal responses which we received from employees of fucking Saga came from Hampshire student, Alexandra Gouirand (Goi-rand). She was moved so deeply by our "articles" that she published a one page personal attack on her ridiculously off-based perception of our cartoon Hampshire images. ("You know, he's that one guy with the hat.") Aside from the fact that she must be a very slow reader for her amazing intellect, or simply from another country, she holds a different definition of investigative reporting than we hold. Our piece was likely the most out there of the class, **but hell, we read Hunter S. Thompson**, and "Salvador" (some experimental stuff), defined by our class as "journalism of outrage."

Her definition described what is essentially the standard format for a piece of investigative hard news journalism. She thought we should have simply conducted extensive interviews and concentrated on the opinions of "as many people as possible ... except for yours," taking

a completely objective stance. This was not the tone piece as it WAS NOT an attempt at traditional news writing.

One of the very few arguments she had with the actual text of the piece was that we "never interviewed anyone from Saga or anywhere else." Well, we did. There was a short interview with a Saga manager and employee, as well as a few comments from students on both sides of the issue. The brevity of these few interviews was deliberate, as the main focus of the interview was our feelings on the food quality and meal plan.

Having made these few confusing "comments" on our work, she felt justified to plunge into an (equally off-based) sophomoric attempt at a personal attack on what she perceived as our lives. This coming from someone who neither of us had ever seen let alone spoken to before. (And yes, that was a sentence fragment.) One thing she might not have heard about us is that we don't fuck around.

She said that Hampshire admissions process should weed out people like us. The admissions process? Hello? This is freak central. Yeah, that's right, take a look around. As far as plans, a lot of freaks have plans, like building flying machines with a negative ion propulsion drive. My plans in fact don't involve eating pizza, as the Goi (the goi) suggested. Particularly the sopping wet pizza Saga sets under a heat lamp for most of the afternoon. Furthermore, didn't you realize that celebrating your maturity and intellect only makes you sound like a self-righteous tool with way too much time on your hands?

Your arguments come from someone who learned English in school, but whatever, we love you too, you little shit.

Another interesting response came in the form of a sliced and diced photocopy of our article, covered in comments in red marker. A later, more official sounding, version from the same author ran in a subsequent edition of the *Omen*. Until she took issue with our writing **we knew her only (as we all do) as the girl who runs to get from place to place.** (See also: The running EMT).

For instance, in response to our claim that students eat bagels and it costs Marriot less money than the entrees, she wrote, "Because they don't eliminate waste in this way!" What? This comment conjures up a vision of certain Saga employees eliminating waste in this way' into a large vat of taco meat, especially certain saga employees, you know, the one's you hope won't talk to you. Eliminated waste. We might add her response was nearly identical to a letter that we received from one M. Coombs, a Saga cook, addressed to David Kerr, who never received the letter. This situation puzzles us in two ways, first, the mechanics of the interaction (what?), trust us, they're fucking identical. Just look at the runner's letter then come to us and we'll show you Coomsey's. It's just weird. As if her comments weren't enough, after discussing her response, an anonymous Saga employee said, "Kim is insane." We have no better theory.

What really brought the

whole issue home was our 'conference' with the man, Doug E Doug Martin. He had approached one of us at breakfast, requesting "words," but, due to time constraints, the exchange was delayed until later in the afternoon, when both of the team could attend. Doug, with the aid of Marcie [Hersch] via walkie talkie, defended Marriott's operation and food quality. This wasn't that big of a deal, except that we taped the conversation without consent. Someone cried and told Dr. Bob, who scheduled a meeting with us, and Derrick Elmes of the **boys in blue**. We were disappointed when all they had to say was destroy the tape, and be generally more respectful or some shit. Our conversation eventually shifted to Saga's nutritional content, and the meeting came to an abrupt end when the intrepid Derrick asked us if we ate vegetables. We asked if we could leave and did.

One thing that we can conclude from the responses is that no one but a Saga employee would care enough to think twice about what we wrote. The only important thing that the reader should take away from it is that the mandatory

15 meal a week plan for dorm residents is a joke. Do the math yourself, figure out what you pay each week for food that tastes like it came out of the cooter of "Greg's Mom." Whatever, we've been over this already, suck out my bung.

The letters did point out some important factual errors on our part. (This we never denied) They were generally amusing (though surely not in the way the authors intended) and had more than a few good things to say. But not you Gouirand, you have a stick way to far up your ass to see through your veil of self-glorification to anything resembling the truth. (Uh, that's a figure of speech).

## Action!

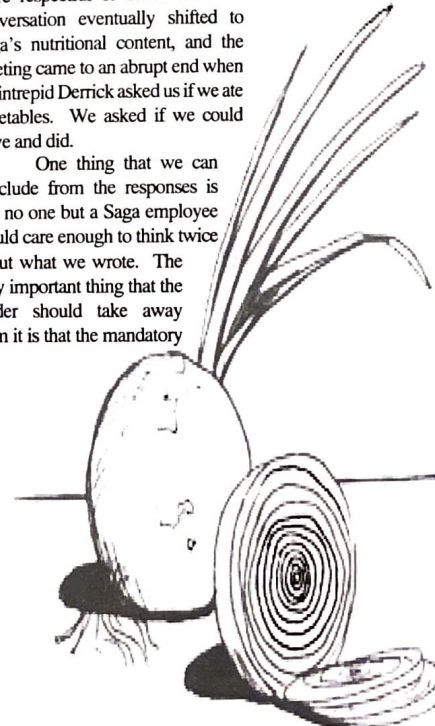
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director, who told us we were violating the "peaceful and quiet enjoyment clause" in the managers' contracts. Then the security guards kicked us out of the mall.

In many ways, we foresaw this opposition; we knew that leafleting and congregating in the mall were not protected under Massachusetts state law, and we realized that freedom of speech and assembly would necessarily become part of our "cause." Thus, our action at the mall on April 18th (involving guerrilla theater and confrontations with store managers) was a challenge both to the corporate use of sweatshop labor and to the mall's policies. And there will be more actions to come.

If this editorial's propaganda-ish, patronizing tone has not entirely turned you off, then maybe you would like to join us in our campaign. In the Fall '98 semester, we will continue to pressure the Hampshire Mall, possibly carrying out a boycott, and we may expand our campaign to include an investigation of corporate backing of colleges and universities in the area (i.e., UMass). If you would like to be involved—and we'd sure love you to!—you can make your presence known at Student Action meetings, which are currently on Tuesdays at 7:00 p.m. in the C-1 lounge (though the meeting place may change next semester).

And believe me, together we will change the world!





# Morose Bastard

by Paul Boyer

To begin, I have this to say: Mathew, I have received your challenge and I accept. For those of you who do not know to what I am referring, Mathew Lauritsen felt insulted by an article of mine in this very paper and has challenged me to a wrestling match. Since included in this challenge was his toady, David Killen, I will have a tag-team partner of my own. Mat, you extended your challenge to anyone who holds views similar to mine on the softness of the Omen; a month previously Jacob Chabot, whom you also insulted in your last article, wrote an article of his own expressing such views. Therefore, we together shall face you and Dave. Be prepared.

This said, I shall now use this column as a medium in which to refute the "8 theses" which Masters Lauritsen and Killen have nailed up to the proverbial church door in volume 10, number 11, of the Omen.

1) The loyal opposition insists that my article was "dangerously pro-Yurt." I fail to see how such feelings for the Yurt could be considered dangerous, even if they were true. As it stands, **I am not "pro-Yurt" nor am I anti-Yurt. I'm pretty Yurt-neutral in fact.** Why should we insist on attacking a harmless building? Mr. Stuckwisch, in his article, compares the Yurt to the Kiva. When was the last time an anti-Kiva article appeared in the Omen or any Hampshire forum? I would guess never. The Yurt is a round building with no purpose much like many other buildings on campus, including the windmill and the multisports center.

2) It would appear that my article was Page 20 volume 10 number 12

not quite hateful enough for these gentlemen. Well my friends, I did not write it with the intention of it being placed under the "Section Hate" headline; that was entirely the work of the Omen layout staff. In a way I would like to see "hate" in the Omen, but not illogical, mindless, misdirected hate. When "Section Hate" is used as a haphazard forum for making fun of Hippias and the Yurt and other obvious, inane targets, it loses all its meaning. I would gladly substitute undirected hate for calm, logical belittlement. There are real targets out there; people who take themselves way too seriously and must be made to suffer for it.

3) Contrary to what was stated, my Div II has not "taken 5 years to develop." It's been "developing" for less than two.

4) Lauritsen's and Killen's defense of Mrs. Howk (aka "the Hippie Chick from Alaska") is difficult to understand. Why would they rush to the defense of such lame material unless they can empathize with her situation? I should note that if attacking this "mascot" is an offense, then many others have committed it besides me; if the questionnaire taken by the Omen staff is to be relied upon.

5) Never did I say I would "kill" before writing for the Omen again. I never even said anything close to that. The fact that I wrote for the Omen the following issue and yet killed no one should speak for itself. Sirs, perhaps you should check your sources more carefully in the future. As for the statement that I should have written something about Upski myself, I say this: I considered it, but as I did not attend the "Bomb the Suburbs" rally, I considered myself under-qualified to do so. I fully expected someone would write something, particularly the at-

ing Section Hate editor (I was unaware at that time that the position no longer existed). I waited for weeks but nothing ever appeared. By that point it was too late anyway.

6) "Boyer is a morose bastard with an ugly face." *Touche!*

7) Concerning my "poor transitions" and lack of a thesis: this is an article for the Omen, not a Div III. I don't need a thesis. The fact that you briefly (albeit inadequately) summarized my article is evidence to that fact that you probably understood what I was saying. Did you miss my note that the list had no legitimate purpose? The list, by the way, was meant to be separated from the rest of the article; the Omen staff apparently didn't realize that.

8) I stated, "I like Surly Boy." How this can be interpreted as "explicitly stated fixation" is well beyond me. You guys yourselves admit to being "big fans." Well, who's riding Jacob like a big boy now?

I suppose I should have expected such a response. *Nemo Lauritsenem impune lacessit.* Well, I made no personal attacks on Mr. Lauritsen or Mr. Killen. I did not say that they are "god-awful," I used that phrase to describe two of their articles. That is, two examples of their articles - I did not even dismiss "Shaken not Stirred" and "Mat's Machismo Corner" en masse. Some actually weren't bad, though admittedly they did little to redeem themselves in the last issue. If they wish to continue to write such prose I suggest they submit to "Polylingus" or another such publication that is more suited to lame creative writing. (I would also like to take this time to direct Ms. Howk to The Forward.) I did not expect such a response merely based on one off-handed remark in my column. And I

certainly did not expect the response from Miles Crew, whoever he is. I feel I must respond to him as well.

Mr. Crew, I've read most of the plays of Shakespeare, I've studied Shakespeare, and I've acted Shakespeare. **Mat and Dave, sir, are no William Shakespeare.** You are obviously a delusional man and I will say little else about your "article." I will, however, mention that your comment about my "limited mental capacity" has been duly noted. Sir, I demand satisfaction. I will see you in Thunderdome.

To conclude, I would like to take this time to address a mistake I made in this controversial article I wrote a few weeks ago. Looking over the last issue to the Omen I see that I made a grave omission. Mr. Bert Cattivera should have appeared alongside Mr. Lauritsen and Mr. Killen. Four articles in one issue; not one of them was worth the time it took to read. I apologize for this oversight on my part.

I shall now prepare myself for a new onslaught.

All Community meeting, but it was pretty dry (other than a few inane comments, which certainly couldn't fill an article). Where were the student bomb threats?<sup>4</sup> **Where were the students getting tear-gassed for breaking and entering?**<sup>5</sup> **Where was the Democracy Wall?**<sup>6</sup> I began to despair, but I was saved: signs began to appear for an event which was to be called the "Speak Out." Now I had no idea what a "speak out" was about, but I knew that if I couldn't get an Omen article out of this then I had no business writing for Section Hate.

A few hours before the Event, I was asked by some Concerned Students if I would care to sign an invitation to Greg Prince encouraging him to attend and hear what students had to say. I courteously replied no, I did not care to sign an invitation. To be honest it all sounded rather silly to me. I really didn't care either way if Greg made an appearance or not. Besides, I knew he wasn't about to show up regardless. What I didn't know was that students weren't going to show up either. They only numbered about a dozen; most of them apparently were the organizers of the event.

The speaking actually began about forty-five minutes late, and by that time it was very cold, and beginning to get dark. I was delighted that it took only two minutes before the word "clambake" was mentioned<sup>7</sup>. I was actually beginning to think that people had forgotten about that little contractual obligation in order to concentrate on matters of at least theoretical significance. But I was wrong; never again will I underestimate the inanity of the student body.

The majority of the speaking was about the Councilor Advocates and the Women's Center<sup>8</sup>. Much was said, however I have one of the shortest of attention spans and quite frankly I found my mind wandering during much of the speaking. I didn't find it terribly interesting anyway, and these weren't the most eloquent of speakers. I actually took a

## Section Hate Revisited

by Paul Boyer

A few weeks ago I made some points about recent flaws in the Omen, particularly Section Hate. I must admit there have been improvements recently (or at least few blatant flaws), and with this, needless to say, I am pleased. Still, I would still like to see more partially intelligent criticism (though not blind rage) of really stupid student actions. Thus, as an example, I am submitting an article that was never published, written by a talented writer who used to be on the Omen staff: me. **I hate to reopen this can of worms, but what the fuck, I'll do it anyway.**

To help readers better understand the context of the content, I have annotated this article, written for Section Hate in October or November 1996. (Those of you who believe that I am submitting this to get as much mileage out of anything I write as possible, I assure you, you are correct.)

When I agreed to take on the role of Section Hate Editor<sup>1</sup> for the Omen, I was assured that little would be expected of me, as the Omen was on its last legs and would probably rarely appear in the future. Yet no sooner is my first article printed then Jon Land is hitting me up for another one so another issue can be printed so the Omen will receive more money which he will in turn spend on smack. This leaves me in a bit of a jam, as I generally have little to say on the goings-on about Hampshire. I usually observe, make an off-hand remark like "my god people are stupid" and go back to my room and laugh at the Phoenix<sup>2</sup>. Now I must have strong opinions on things in order to live up to the spirit of Section Hate. Thus I searched for examples of student stupidity and/or annoying behavior to fill this space so I will in turn get some smack of my own. There was the HeMP rally "smoke-in" thing, but I couldn't be bothered to go, and walking by it convinced me that they made themselves appear much worse than I could ever hope to capture in a column<sup>3</sup>. I even went to the

All Community meeting, but it was pretty dry (other than a few inane comments, which certainly couldn't fill an article). Where were the student bomb threats?<sup>4</sup> **Where were the students getting tear-gassed for breaking and entering?**<sup>5</sup> **Where was the Democracy Wall?**<sup>6</sup> I began to despair, but I was saved: signs began to appear for an event which was to be called the "Speak Out." Now I had no idea what a "speak out" was about, but I knew that if I couldn't get an Omen article out of this then I had no business writing for Section Hate.

A few hours before the Event, I was asked by some Concerned Students if I would care to sign an invitation to Greg Prince encouraging him to attend and hear what students had to say. I courteously replied no, I did not care to sign an invitation. To be honest it all sounded rather silly to me. I really didn't care either way if Greg made an appearance or not. Besides, I knew he wasn't about to show up regardless. What I didn't know was that students weren't going to show up either. They only numbered about a dozen; most of them apparently were the organizers of the event.

The speaking actually began about forty-five minutes late, and by that time it was very cold, and beginning to get dark. I was delighted that it took only two minutes before the word "clambake" was mentioned<sup>7</sup>. I was actually beginning to think that people had forgotten about that little contractual obligation in order to concentrate on matters of at least theoretical significance. But I was wrong; never again will I underestimate the inanity of the student body.

The majority of the speaking was about the Councilor Advocates and the Women's Center<sup>8</sup>. Much was said, however I have one of the shortest of attention spans and quite frankly I found my mind wandering during much of the speaking. I didn't find it terribly interesting anyway, and these weren't the most eloquent of speakers. I actually took a

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few notes, but they were generally grossly inadequate. Entries such as "\$10,000," "crisis," and "Marriott" appeared, and I suppose they must have meant something to me at the time. Perhaps the speakers made some valid points, but as usual everything was presented in an exaggerated, irate manner. Instead of saying "I don't think the Women's Center is being handled well" what would come across is something to the effect of "the administration hates the students and wants us dead." Personally, they were not even able to convince me that the Women's center is a necessity<sup>9</sup>.

The highlight of the event was a certain individual who took the microphone and ranted and raved against the decline of Hampshire College, which is interesting enough, but all of this person's complaints centered around beer. No more beer at the houses, no more beer at the tavern, no beer anywhere, really. **Now I'm as in favor of beer as the next guy<sup>10</sup>, but I hardly think this constitutes a crisis**, though he assured us it did. He told us how much more liberal Hampshire used to be (which to me sounds almost frightening), but now (I quote:) "the fascists are taking over the school." With a sound argument like that how can you not be convinced? Apparently any turn away from radicalism is, well, radical, and therefore intolerable. He also had various complaints about Marriott, but he didn't quite get across what they were. Something about having to eat there, I guess, and maybe something about the food not being terribly good.

Finally, one of the last issues addressed was the loss of Hampshire faculty over the past few years. Ten percent was cited as an approximation Page 22 volume 10- number 12

## The flashback continues

of faculty members who have recently escaped the confines of Hampshire College, and I haven't bothered to check up on those figures, though I wouldn't be surprised if they were wrong. At least a few of those faculty members left because they were offered better jobs at better schools. Unfortunately though this is, I don't know what anyone expects to be done about it. Maybe Greg should demand a relative of every faculty member be given to him as a hostage to prevent their departure. Or maybe he should just have lots of people shot.

What struck me, though, apart from a little subtle male-bashing, was that myself and one or two other people were singled out as "you people on the side-lines," which created an environment that was not especially friendly. To say we were picked on might be a slight overstatement, but at that point I was feeling somewhat less than completely welcome. I expect this was a result of the fact that we weren't applauding and cheering as the rest of the group was. Not that I was disturbed by any of this; I would rather remain a separate entity anyway.

On the bright side, the low turn-out at the Speak Out might indicate that all the bollocks about this is finally waning<sup>11</sup>. Maybe we will soon be able to put this behind us, though I'm not about to get optimistic. By the time this article is actually printed (probably about three weeks after it's written<sup>12</sup>) there may be another event (perhaps "The Coup") and everything will start over again. At least that would give me another article. In the meantime, those fliers are back and I'm starting to feel ill<sup>13</sup>.

1- "Section Hate Editor" doesn't exist anymore, too bad. I'm not volunteering,

though.

2- An old Hampshire "newspaper," sort of a precursor to the Forward.

3- A "Smoke-in," for those of you who don't know, is a semi-annual event put on by the Hampshire Marijuana Project, or He(?)MP, in which they announce a big pot smoking fest to protest the illegalization of pot and to sound rebellious, then they tell people not to smoke pot at the rally.

4- The previous year a student was suspended for being a stupid fuck and phoning in a bomb threat to Prescott House. People rallied to his aid claiming he was a "victim."

5- Some other guys who needed a cause apparently were tear-gassed when they broke into a building to make it into a homeless shelter or something, as if that's how such things work.

6- Ah, the Democracy Wall. A long story, but it involves students vandalizing the library pretending it's free speech, then almost getting sprayed with a house and crying "Kent State!" afterwards. Cretins.

7- At this point I should relate the background to the "Speak Out." A month or two before this some people at Hampshire were laid off and a shitload of fuss was made about it by a group of concerned students. They had a "press conference" (with no press) which was scheduled for the same time as one of Marriott's All Community Dinners, which happened to be a clambake. These geniuses assumed that it was a plot by the administration to draw attention away from their event.

8- At least one of these groups was affected by the lay-offs.

9- I still remain unconvinced.

10- Probably more so.

11- "This" being the fuss made about the lay-offs. They just wouldn't shut up about it.

12- HA!

13- "Those fliers" refer to inane fliers put up everywhere by these concerned students. Many of them still addressed the clambake.

## Way to spoil the end, Aemily

by Aemily dara Reshen

Due to the fact that I have four huge papers to write, I went to the movies and saw "The Object Of My Affection." Wow. Another twentysomething film. How impressive. Its your average story of woman meets gay man, falls in love, and then has to go through the process of realizing that he is GAY!!! Jennifer Aniston (of "Friends") plays Nina, a Brooklyn



committed relationship with Dr. Joley (Tim Daly of "Wings"). The party ends, Nina goes home to her Brooklyn apartment, and George and Dr. Joley break up. For some reason that I can't quite understand, George ends up at Nina's apartment, looking for a place to stay. Granted Nina was looking for a roommate, but are we supposed to believe that George doesn't know anyone else in New York City? Why move in with a complete stranger? Just because your lover dumps your ass? Now we enter the oh-so-charming world of straight girl falls in love with gay guy. They do everything a happily married couple does - ballroom dancing, long talks, late night ice cream binges and old movies, **playful bed wrestling, sex...oh, wait...that never happens, thank god**, although it does appear to come pretty close in one hot and heavy almost-blow-job scene...even though he is GAY.

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married couple does - ballroom dancing, long talks, late night ice cream binges and old movies, **playful bed wrestling, sex...oh, wait...that never happens, thank god**, although it does appear to come pretty close in one hot and heavy almost-blow-job scene...even though he is GAY.

So...blah blah blah, one day Nina finds out that she is pregnant and her first instinct is to go to George, her GAY roommate, instead of the father, her outspoken lawyer boyfriend Vince (John Pankow, who plays Cousin Ira on "Mad About You") who is about as endearing as a load of poop floating in the toilet bowl. Nina decides she wants George to help her raise her baby, instead of poopster

## The Omen at the Movies

Vince. Nina keeps telling everyone, "The old rules don't apply anymore." Evidently only the stupid rules apply, since Nina still does not understand that her roommate George is GAY and is not going to one day realize that she is what he was missing in all his past relationships. Denial ain't just a river in Egypt anymore.

The ending of the movie is a little too neatly tied up, but I guess that turning it into a murder-suicide would not have been in good taste. Nina finally realizes that George is gay and that she is not a gay man. George settles in with his new boyfriend, some dumb actor, and Nina has her child with Vince as the father.

In an instant flash about seven years later, we see George putting on a first grade show production starring, of course, Nina's daughter, Molly. The cheese factor gets hiked up a trazzillion points for this scene that consists of little children singing and dancing to "You Gotta Be" by 'Desree. The final question that I was left with was not Can a man and a woman live together, have a fulfilling and close relationship, without the addition of sex, but instead Who thinks of all the stupid names that movies have these days? \*\*1/2

\*\*\*\* Like discovering that Saga is closed due to poo contamination, and you are able to get off of the meal plan \*\*\* Like finding out that drum circles have been banned and showering and flushing poo is going to be enforced \*\* Like a really satisfying poo - you're glad you had it, but its over now, and deserves to be flushed

\* Like Greg Prince forcing you to eat his poo.



# Ten Comics for a Buck

*by Jacob Chabot*

**F**or my continuing series of articles bringing you reviews on cool junk nobody cares about, I went down to the Card and Comic Co. at the Hampshire Mall, where they have a ten for a dollar comic book bin (something actually good that came out of the comic book depression). I selected ten choice books. Here they are ordered from the stuff I wouldn't wipe my ass with to the real gems.

Wordsmith #3-Too boring to read enough to know what this book was about. **AND I LIKE COMICS!** I should probably at least flip through it. Hmm, decent but unreadable, sketchy art, and a writer that gets beat up. Nope, still not gonna read it.

Plastic Soda #2-A bunch of random nonsense from crazy people. How this comic made it to the second issue is beyond me. According to “people in charge” of this mess, only 394 people buy this book. Ahh well, they’ve got spirit. **Mark**

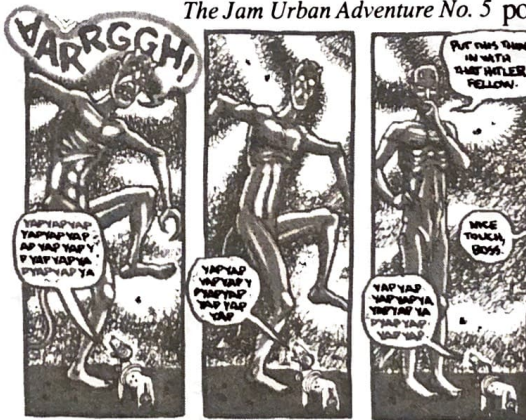
Hugo picked this one out because it had a munchkin flashing Dorothy on the cover. Sicko.

The Tekken Saga #1-Based on the Tekken fighting game. It sports classy quips such as, "To lose to him will mean I'll lose." Bear in mind that this is NOT a translation. The art matches the dialogue perfectly, most of it is copied from recent issues of X-Men. And every page is a new character announcing his presence and demonstrating his special power. I can't believe that somebody actually looked at the script and the art and said "Hey, I'll pay you money to do this."

G.I.Joe #2-Based on that crappy G.I.Joe Extreme toy line I was telling you about. With a premise like that, how could this book not suck! This book reads like a bad Saturday morning cartoon, the Joes have to guard some stuff, and the bad guys (No more Cobra, now it's Skar) try to steal it. How do they come up with this stuff? The back-up story/flashback was okay though.

X #18-Batman ripoff X takes on the Predator himself with the help of this loser called One-shot. Yawn. Yes, what the comic industry needs is another superhero comic! It'll be like a

*The Jam Urban Adventure No. 5*



breath of fresh air! Oh, and let's put in the Predator! We can do that! We have the rights!

Gamera: the Guardian of the Universe #2-Gamera is the twin turbine engined turtle Godzilla spinoff. The charm of the giant rubbery monster movies is in the watching the big beat downs; as good as pro-wrestling. Unfortunately you can't capture that cheesiness in a comic book. And just like the movies, too much time is spent on stupid people. Boooooorriing.

2000 Maniacs #2-Opens with a woman taking off her bra. Based on one of Mark's favorite movies where a Southern ghost town rises to kill five Yankees in varied ways. In this issue, one gets drawn and quartered and an-

other rolls down a hill in a barrel spiked with nails. Lots of blood and gore.

Heartbreakers #2-Queenie is a clone who's part of some resistance force or something. A lot of star trek technobabble dealing with clones and such, but within the first half of the book, five people get shot and two people have sex. Cool artwork, complicated story. I still don't know what really happened. And the lesbian activities alluded to on the back cover never actually happen.

Death Race 2020 #1-A sequel to the Roger Corman Movie, Death Race 2000. In the future, death races, where points are given for hitting innocent bystanders, are held to release aggression. This book was pretty keen. Violent slapstick Lobo-esque humor crossed with a Scooby-Doo like race. They spend a large portion of the race in an old folks home. And, hey, a contest to appear in a Rock 'n Roll High School (featuring the Ramones) comic in the back!

**The Jam: Urban Adventure #5-**  
A bizarre tale that involves a cult, a “superhero,” and satan himself. Every line in this book is quoteable, from “We must attack now!” “But it is cold outside.” to “You’ve discovered anti-gravity?” “Yes. I am a genius.” Satan puts a yapping poodle in with Hitler. It ends in a big party with free beer, pizza, and live music. Fun! And the Jam (the “superhero”, if you read the book you’ll know why that’s in quotes) and his girlfriend get back together! Awww, that’s sweet. A feel-good story, I feel all warm and fuzzy

If you're interested in any of these bargain books, I'm sure you can still find copies of them in the bin. At a dime an issue you're not losing anything.